

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,  
This generall ioy.

2 'Tis well: The Citizens  
I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,  
As let 'em haue their rights they are euer forward  
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,  
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuer greater,  
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,  
That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the List  
Of those that claime their Offices this day,  
By custome of the Coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes  
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.

1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs,  
I should haue bene beholding to your Paper:  
But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine  
The Princess Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,  
Held a late Court at Dunstable; fixe miles off  
From Ampthill, where the Princess lay, to which  
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:  
And to be short, for not Appearance, and  
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent  
Of all these Learned men, she was diuorc'd,  
And the late Marriage made of none effect:  
Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmalton,  
Where she remains now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady.

The Trumpets sound: Stand close,  
The Queene is comming.

Ho-boys.

## The Order of the Coronation.

- 1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.
  - 2 Then, two Iudges.
  - 3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.
  - 4 Quiristers singing. Musicke.
  - 5 Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in  
his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper  
Crowne.
  - 6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,  
a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey,  
bearing the Rod of Siler with the Dove, Crowned with an  
Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.
  - 7 Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his  
head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With  
him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallship,  
a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.
  - 8 A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it  
the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with  
Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London,  
and Winchester.
  - 9 The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolk, in a Coronall of Gold,  
wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Trainee.
  - 10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of  
Gold, without Flowers.
- Exeunt, first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and  
then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Trainee belecue me: These I know:  
Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,  
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee  
The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Yes.

2 Heauen blesse thee,  
Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.

Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell;  
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,  
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,  
I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare  
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons  
Of the Cinque Ports.

2 Those men are happy,  
And so are all, are neere her.

I take it, she that carries vp the Trainee,  
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolk.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,  
And sometimes falling ones.

2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?  
3 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled

With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did.

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

3 As well as I am able. The rich streame  
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene  
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off

A distance from her; while her Grace sat downe  
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,

In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely  
The Beauty of her Person to the People.

Beleue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman  
That euer lay by man: which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,  
As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiff Tempett,

As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,  
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces

Bin loose, this day they had bene lost. Such ioy  
I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,

That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes  
In the old time of Warre, would shake the preale

And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing  
Could say this is my wife there, all were women

So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces  
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like

Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.  
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:

When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,  
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;

As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crowne,  
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes

Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choyfist Musicke of the Kingdome,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe  
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.

1 Sir,  
You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:  
For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,  
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reuerend Byshops  
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Winchester,  
Newly prefer'd from the Kings Secretary:

The other London.

2 He of Winchester  
Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops,

The vertuous *Cranmer*.

3 All the Land knowes that:  
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes  
*Cranmer* will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 *Thomas Cromwell*,  
A man in much esteeme with th' King, and truly  
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him

Master of th' Jewell House,  
And one already of the Priuy Councell.

2 He will deferue more.

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,  
Which is to th' Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:

Something I can command. As I walke thither,  
He tell ye more.

*Borb.* You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke; lead betwene Griffith,  
her Gentleman & Sher., and Patience  
her Woman.

*Grif.* How do's your Grace?

*Kath.* O Griffith, sicke to death:  
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to th' Earth,

Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,  
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'st mee,  
That the great Child of Honour, Cardinall *Wolsey*

Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace  
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no care too't.

*Kath.* Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.  
If well, he slept before me happily

For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voyce goes Madam,  
For after the stout Earle Northumberland

Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward  
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,

He fell sicke forsaightly, and grew so ill  
He could not see his Mule.

*Kath.* Alas poore man.

*Grif.* At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,

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